

New York Tribune.

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Mr. Bryan's Apology for McReynolds and Caminetti Will Not Help Them Much.

In his capacity of editor of "The Commoner" Mr. Bryan has come to the rescue of Attorney General McReynolds, secretary of Labor Wilson and Commissioner General of Immigration Caminetti, all sorely needing an apologist for their attempted interference with the course of justice in the California "white slave" cases. One of Mr. Bryan's characteristics as a politician is his extreme loyalty to his friends, and in this instance he is so eager to apply the whitewash brush to Messrs. Wilson and Caminetti, and because of them to Mr. McReynolds, that he awkwardly upsets the whole whitewash bucket.

The gravamen of the charge against the three officials is that they did not recognize the gross impropriety of seeking to obstruct the administration of justice as a matter of personal accommodation to a federal official who happened to be the father of one of the defendants. That official is especially charged with the execution of the "white slave" law so far as it concerns aliens entering at our ports. Nobody could possibly have been in a worse position than he to ask a favor of the sort which he asked through Mr. Wilson, and which Mr. McReynolds granted.

Mr. Bryan exhibits as much childlike innocence as Secretary Wilson did when he says:

"If such a continuance had been asked in an ordinary case under the same circumstances it would have been granted without question by any Attorney General. The fact that the father of one of the defendants is a public official ought not to alter the case."

The fact that the father of one of the defendants was a public official and that the postponement was ordered as a personal convenience to him not only "alters the case" but gives it its aggravated character as an obstruction of justice to serve purely private ends. If such a thing had been done under an administration of another faith Mr. Bryan would undoubtedly have been among the first to denounce it as a scandalous misuse of authority.

The Secretary of State also says that Secretary Wilson made the request for the postponement to Mr. McReynolds "on his own initiative and without solicitation from Mr. Caminetti." That statement does not harmonize very well with the record furnished by Mr. McNab, which shows that Mr. Caminetti had previously appealed to the District Attorney's office in California to delay the case. Mr. Caminetti, the Secretary of Labor and the Attorney General all knew exactly what they were doing and why they were doing it. They have all laid themselves open to retirement from the public service on the ground that they held the orderly administration of justice to be a matter of trifling consequence "among friends."

Not Parallels.

Defenders of the administration currency bill point to the United States Supreme Court and to the Interstate Commerce Commission as bodies which are appointed by the President and which perform their functions acceptably and without regard for political effect.

There is no real similarity between them and the proposed Federal Reserve Board. If the members of the Supreme Court were not appointed for life, but for brief terms, if a majority of the court was always composed of the appointees of the President in office at the time and if three members of his Cabinet sat in it, who would be so bold as to say that the Supreme Court would close its eyes to political considerations? If three of the seven members of the Interstate Commerce Commission were Cabinet members, is there any good reason for believing that it would be as free from politics as it is?

Senator Owen in his statement regarding the bill says it is no more reasonable that the bankers should be represented on the Federal Reserve Board than that the railroads should be represented on the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no point in this appeal to analogy. Not only is the Interstate Commerce Commission constituted upon a sounder principle than the Federal Reserve Board will be if the administration bill passes, but it has less power than it is proposed to give to the board. The Interstate Commerce Commission is merely a regulatory body. It has no powers equal in importance to those which are to be granted to the Bryan-Wilson board: "To require or permit one federal reserve bank to rediscuss for another," and "to supervise and if necessary determine the rate of discount for each federal reserve bank."

It is necessary that functions so vital as these are to the banking and commercial interests of this country should be exercised by a board not only as far above the reach of politics as possible but as competent as possible for the delicate and technical task proposed for it. The Bryan-Wilson board won't do. And this fact cannot be disguised by pretending that it is a parallel of the United States Supreme Court or of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for it is not a parallel of either.

The War Among the Allies.

The Balkan League had its origin in Macedonia. It seems to be having its end in that same "lumber room of Europe." A few months ago the four allies were fighting side by side against their common foe, with singular success. Now they have begun to fight among themselves, and the result may be general disaster.

Istib, or Shitipile, where fighting between Bulgarians and Serbians began, is near the Vardar River and the trunk railroad line which runs along Serbia down to Salonica. Seres and Drama, where Bulgarians and Greeks have been engaged, are on the line of the other railroad, which runs into Salonica from Constantinople. The strategy of these operations is obvious.

Turkey may be debarraged by the recently signed treaty from taking part in the embroilment. But

symptoms in Rumania are disquieting, if not actually ominous. And all because the great powers would not let the allies make peace with Turkey on their own terms, but persisted in meddling so as to deprive Serbia and Montenegro of their legitimate fruits of conquest.

"The McLoughlin Glide."

In the present American "invasion" of England Mr. Maurice E. McLoughlin is undoubtedly the particular item of which Americans can feel proudest. Just now his chances of winning the All-England tennis championship at Wimbledon seem excellent. He will probably meet the German champion, Krentzer, in the finals, and if successful then will face the Australian, Wilding, in the challenge round. At his present magnificent pace the odds are well in his favor.

But, win or lose, the impression which the McLoughlin game and sportsmanship have made on England are striking and of more importance than even the Wimbledon cup. The English critics and the English public have received the young visitor with enthusiasm. His dashing game, his grace, his cheerfulness are all coming in for the highest praise. "The McLoughlin glide," one expert calls the young Californian's swift, easy rhythm on the courts. And adds: "For the man and the manner we must tender gratitude to the United States. Championship play can bring no misery to McLoughlin. He will win happily or go down smiling."

Young McLoughlin is unquestionably the most winning athlete of the hour in every sense of the word. Barring some stroke of ill fortune, he seems certain to rank as one of the greatest tennis players in the whole history of the game.

Blinders for Men!

The process of taming man, of reducing him from a proud lord of creation to the rank of a humble dray horse, is going on apace. Occasionally a man himself helps on the good work, as, for instance, when a reverend Baptist clergyman of Cambridge, Mass., demands loudly that there be "blinders for men."

This plea was prompted by the new frocks, with their slim, slit skirts. The careful clergyman wished to save his sex from being shocked. But the effect would surely be further to curb the proud spirit of the already despondent male. Even if restricted to married men, blinders could not fail to stun and mortify. Therefore the suggestion will appeal far more strongly to the advanced and advancing female than to any poor retreating male.

So far as the clergyman's theory of reform goes, we are sure that it is utterly uncalculated. Only a novelty can shock. We have yet to see the costume that did not seem modest, dull and insipid—certainly nothing to turn the head to look after—as soon as it became a common attire. Those terrible slits, for instance, over which the clergyman groans, have already become a bore hereabouts—being rated stupid, ugly and quite uninteresting. No wonder they are "going out." Blinders surely could not do more.

The First Day at Gettysburg.

This is Reynolds day at Gettysburg. John F. Reynolds was the hero of the first day's battle fought there fifty years ago to-day. He was the officer of highest rank and greatest distinction to fall there. General Fitzhugh Lee wrote of Reynolds that none fell on that field with greater honor, though many fell and there was much honor.

Reynolds was a born soldier and had he lived would inevitably have been one of the great figures of the war. He had refused the command of the Army of the Potomac because he did not want to be hampered by meddling dictation from Washington. He recommended Meade for the place and gave the latter the most cordial support when he was selected to succeed Hooker.

Reynolds alone among the corps commanders knew Meade's plans, and Meade left it to his judgment to feel the enemy and to decide when and where the contact between the two armies should occur. Reynolds acted with the decision and energy for which he was noted, and had been on the scene at Gettysburg for only a few moments before he determined to fight there.

His death just as the battle really opened was a great misfortune to the Union cause. There was nobody left to do what he was so splendidly equipped to do, and the battle on the Union side drifted. The First Corps, which Reynolds had brought to a remarkable state of efficiency, fought with the utmost heroism against superior numbers. The Eleventh Corps, also outnumbered, fought stubbornly, but both corps were forced to retreat in the end to a new position on the other side of the town.

Reynolds's fight was made to save that position, and had he lived he might have saved it at a much smaller cost. But that he did fight off Lee's army long enough to secure it was the greatest service he could have done at that time to the Army of the Potomac and the country, for against that admirable position the Confederate attacks of July 2 and 3 were destined to break in vain.

More Changes in the Tariff Bill.

The Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee have made a few more beneficial changes in the Underwood tariff bill. The date on which the sugar schedule is to take effect has been postponed until March 1, 1914, and this is a reasonable concession to those who will have to adjust an industry in which large amounts of capital are invested to radically different conditions of production. Another sensible change is the postponement of the date on which the income tax provisions shall take effect from January 1, 1913, to March 1, 1913. The House of Representatives evidently forgot that the income tax amendment to the Constitution was not proclaimed until February 25, 1913, and that no tax of the sort levied in the Underwood bill could be collected legally before that date.

There is no good reason why brandy used in fortifying wines should be exempted from the ordinary internal revenue tax of \$1.10 a gallon. The wines would be better fortified so far as the consumer is concerned. The committee restored the \$1.10 duty and hopes to raise several millions of additional revenue thereby.

Nearly all the changes made in the measure since it reached the Senate have been improvements. The two striking exceptions to this rule are the imposition of an unnecessary tax on bananas and the return to the Dark Ages policy of taxing paintings and sculptures as luxuries imported only for the exclusive enjoyment of the very rich.

"It's a fine day," say the militants; "let's go out and burn something."

Some misguided genius has suggested the building of a summer capitol in the Virginia or Maryland mountains. The country will veto the proposition with one voice. Congress is never so amenable to

reason as when the dog day heat of Washington begins to boil it out.

No publicity for duels in France? If that rule could be enforced, duels would be no more. Frenchmen are entirely too practical to continue a practice after its reason for existence has been abolished.

AS I WAS SAYING

Rabbits, rabbits, rabbits! The world of art and intellect is simply hopping with them. Scarce had we mentioned Dr. Felix W. of that name and the ill-starred rabbit poeple on shipboard, when Senator Mann took to seeing "frightened rabbits" in Washington, and "Life" brought out a picture showing no less than seven of these salubrious creatures lined up in jail, with the warden saying: "Now pick out the rascal that stole your vegetables." But the end is not yet, for here come rabbit tidings from Camp Idlewild, up yonder in the Berkshires.

Terrible doings up there, we learn! A wild rabbit—of the cottontail persuasion, it appears—waits till the morning glories and scarlet runner beans have reached a height of eight feet, and then comes bounding along in the dark of the moon and bites them off next the ground. Rough on the vines—oh, awfully—but just see the dismal change of heart among the campers:

BEFORE: "Oh, you downy little, sweet little, cunning little darling! Come, Bunnybunnybunny-bunny!"
AFTER: "Out of this! Beat it, you miserable, hobbled, wall-eyed, hair-lipped, donkey-eared tomcat!" Or possibly the evasive answer: "Was your grandmother a hop toad?"

With the compliments of the author comes Mr. Frederic Rowland Marvin's tempting volume, "A Free Lance," and we peep inside. Luck favors Mr. Marvin in the act of quoting Miss Mary Windsor, who addressed a woman's suffrage convention nearly two years ago, and is reported to have said: "Whatever you do, don't be tiresome. Better be vulgar. This is a vulgar age. Be loud, be yellow, be anything to be picturesque."
Awful! We are so shocked that we think of putting on pink breeches and a green jacket and prancing up Broadway in herds with a torch in one hand and a transparency in the other, not to mention the Roman candles and sixteen brass bands, and yelling our protests against this outrage upon the traditions of politics.

Decidedly, we do not
"Want to be an angel
And with the angels stand.
A crown upon our forehead, a harp within our hand." No, not as long as we can take the New Haven and, if alive at the other end, listen to the Boston Symphony's new harpist, Mr. Holy!

If correctly reported in "Punch," the delightful Mr. Spooner has been saying, "Many years ago, after a rough crossing, I warned a strong fish that I might live to see the Tunnel Channel. That fish has never waded from my heart." We, too, favor the Tunnel Channel—oh, awfully!—though we are of the opinion that Mr. Spooner enjoyed a still loftier inspiration when he took an Oxford undergraduate by the ear, and said to him gravely, "Young man, not content with breaking all the rules of this college, you have deliberately tasted two worms!"

From worms to caterpillars, 'tis but a step, and we are emboldened to tell on small Genevieve Ethel and hers. He is receiving excellent instruction, we learn, and from such a charming source! You have heard of goo-goo eyes. Genevieve Ethel is goo-goo all over. Gentle and affectionate, too, invariably addressing her caterpillar as "Catter."
"Now, Catter"—this when she was requiring him to climb a chairleg—"now, Catter, God is love, but yet, Catter, you have to walk up this, just the same."
Even so, thought we. We have to walk up it, just the same. We have noticed that ourself.

The above is new—absolutely new and unshopworn; whereas—but listen:

"The professor wrote on the board, 'Mr. Blackie will meet his classes as usual next Tuesday.' A wag rubbed out the first letter, so that it read 'lasses.' Blackie saw this, and amended it still further by rubbing out the 'l,' and the general opinion was that the equation has been reduced to its simplest terms."
Twenty years ago we first met this jolly antique, and look where it comes again, not only in "Tay Pay's Weekly," but in our own carefully brought up column! No apologies, however. Many of our readers are young, and others have returned from whaling voyages in the South Seas, and we feel that we ought also to befriend those who have been pardoned out after a prolonged period of sequestration.

And speaking of sequestration, we seem to have heard complaints about Sing Sing, though happily they have not damaged its popularity. Guests become sentimentally attached to the quaint old house, and hasten back at the earliest opportunity.

This is considered a very perplexing question, but we have the answer—i. e. There is something here that we do not understand.
R. L. H.

PICKETT'S CHARGE, 1913.



THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate

A VETERAN'S PLEA

He Asks His Comrades to Send Him to Gettysburg.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: My inclosed Civil War army discharge shows I am entitled to an excursion ticket to Gettysburg battle anniversary. I was too late to apply for ticket, being an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y. It will be a great hardship and sorrow to me if I am unable to go, simply because I was not aware of the time for application for transportation. I would gladly buy a ticket (\$5.00), but it would take nearly all of my last pension money, and I can't spare a penny of that just now.

Will you kindly publish this letter, so it may reach the eyes of some comrade who, for illness or other reason, be unable to go? I might be able to use his ticket, rather than it should be wasted. It will nearly break my heart if unable to go—the culmination of all the deep interest I have taken in the war for the Union since I was nine years old. I feel absolutely sure of success if you will kindly publish this letter in time.

CHARLES ROOT.
No. 134 West 15th street, New York, June 28, 1913.

A NEW HOLIDAY

July 5 Is To Be Observed in Maryland.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Governor Goldsborough of Maryland should be congratulated for his originality and consideration in proclaiming Saturday, July 5, a legal holiday in that state.
Occasional relaxation from labor is beneficial to mind and body.
Success to Maryland's patriotic Governor! His example should be followed by other states.

CONSIDERATE SHOPPER.
New York, June 30, 1913.

THAT FIRST ELEVATOR

A Screw Lifted It, but It Did Not Revolve.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your correspondent "O. H. D." in to-day's issue makes a curious mistake in recalling the "first passenger elevator" in New York, located in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel.
He speaks of it as "revolving slowly around a large wooden screw in the core of the car." It makes one dizzy to think of this! As a matter of fact, the elevator shaft slowly—yes, but not "round and round"—by the revolution of a large steel screw inside a sleeve or jacket in the center of the car. The movement was smooth and ordinarily comfortable, and the elevator served its purpose for many years.
"ELEVATING TRUTH."
Brooklyn, June 28, 1913.

A VIGOROUS PROTEST

Fire Commissioner Johnson's Ignoring of Women Is Sharply Criticized.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The failure of Fire Commissioner Johnson to appoint women as inspectors in the Fire Prevention Bureau has been called to the attention of the officers of the Women's Auxiliary to the Civil Service Reform Association. We believe that the action of the Fire Commissioner should not be passed over without further criticism and protest.

The main facts of the case, briefly stated, show that the Fire Commissioner was employing three women as temporary inspectors before the examination was held, the examination was open to both men and women, and the announcements of the examination stated that there were six vacancies to which women would be appointed. This was surely ample assurance of appointment to the permanent force, and on the strength of it a number of women devoted time and money in preparation for the examination. The Civil Service Commission certified names of both men and women from the eligible lists, but when the appointments were made by the Fire Commissioner only men received permanent appointments.

This seems to us, in the first place, an arbitrary and therefore unwarranted discrimination against women as inspectors. The position is one for which there can

be no question that women are fitted. The facts above stated establish their eligibility. To this extent the action of the Commissioner looks like a misuse of his discretionary power in appointment and adequate safeguard of the spirit of the civil service law. But it goes even further in this particular instance, and in the light of the announcements becomes a plain breach of faith which every state of affairs against which every fair-minded person should protest.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY TO THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.
ASATHE SCHURZ, President.
EMILIE J. HUTCHINSON, Secretary.
New York, June 28, 1913.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

How Two Tribune Correspondents Heard of Gettysburg in Libby Prison.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: It may be of interest to recall how two correspondents of The New-York Tribune, shut up in Libby Prison, received the news of the fall of Vicksburg and Lee's defeat at Gettysburg, fifty years ago. Albert D. Richardson tells the story in his "Field, Dungeon and Escape." Mr. Richardson, along with Junius Henri Browne, also of The Tribune, had been captured while trying to run by the batteries at Vicksburg, and were confined in Libby on a floor allotted to Union officers.

Two of the officers, named Sawyer and Flynn, had been selected for execution in retaliation for the execution of some Confederate bushwhackers by Burnside. This naturally caused much depression among the Union prisoners, and on top of it came the "news" that Lee had inflicted a great defeat upon the Northern forces at Gettysburg and that Meade and his army were in disorderly flight. "Our hearts were too heavy for speech," wrote Mr. Richardson. Then he adds: "Suddenly there came a great revulsion. Among the negro prisoners was an old man of seventy, who had particularly attracted my attention from the fact that when I happened to speak to him about the national conflict he replied, after the manner of Copperheads, that it was a speculators' war on both sides in which he felt no sort of interest. I wondered whether the old African was shamming lest his conversation should be reported, to the curtailing of his privileges, or whether he was really that anomaly, a black man who felt no interest in the war."

"But about 5 o'clock one afternoon he came into our room, and when the door was closed behind him, so that he could not be seen by the officers or guards, he made a rush for the open space upon the floor, and immediately began to dance in a manner very remarkable for a man of seventy, and rheumatic at that. "General (that was his sobriquet in the prison), what does this mean?"
"De Yankees has taken Vicksburg! De Yankees has taken Vicksburg!" and he began to dance again.

"Good tidings, like bad, seldom come alone. Shortly after we learned that there was also a slight mistake about Gettysburg—that Lee, instead of Meade, was flying in confusion.
"How our hearts leaped at this cheering news! How suddenly that foul prison air grew sweet and pure as the fragrant breath of the mountains! There was laughing, there was singing, there was dancing. Some one shouted: 'Glory hallelujah!' Mr. McCabe, an Ohio chaplain, whose clear, ringing tones as he led the singing cheered many of our heartless hours, instantly started the beautiful hymn by Mrs. Howe:
"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."
"Every voice in the room joined in it. I never saw men more stirred and thrilled than were those three or four hundred prisoners as they heard the impressive close:

"As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!"
It should be mentioned here that the two officers, Sawyer and Flynn, were not executed, our government having given notice of prompt retaliation.
Albert D. Richardson continued a prisoner for nearly eighteen months after the occurrences related above, and it was fortunate for the writer that he did. At sixteen years of age, barefooted, sick and starving, in the Salisbury stockade I had refused, along with many others, to accept the offer of comparative comfort and good treatment on condition of taking the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. Nothing seemed in prospect but a lingering death, when Mr. Richardson's kindly eyes rested on me as

I stood in a group of prisoners. He asked my age—I was undoubtedly the youngest prisoner in Salisbury. "You are too young to endure such sufferings as these," he said. With the consent of his associates, Mr. Browne, of The Tribune, and Mr. William E. Davis, of The Cincinnati Gazette," he took me into the correspondents' hut, where enough to eat and a warm place to sleep enabled me to survive what Mr. Richardson calls "horrors which burned into our memories."

Albert D. Richardson represented the best, the noblest element in American journalism. Alike fearless and cool, he faced and overcame dangers that would have destroyed or discomfited the average man. Familiarity with suffering did not make him callous to it, and when he escaped North his first thought, his first appeal was for the perishing thousands he had left behind. To his prompt action in placing the facts before the government and the people was chiefly due the resumption of exchange and consequent saving of multitudes of lives. He has slept these many years in the God's Acre of his native town of Franklin, Mass.—"green be the turf above thee, Friend of my better days!"

HENRY MANN.
Late of 30th New York.
No. 611 West 15th street, New York, June 28, 1913.

"THE FORCES OF PARTY"

Are They to Prevail in the Caminetti Case?

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Many of your readers will doubtless remember that in his inaugural address President Wilson made use of the following beautiful phrases:
"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here must not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust, who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!"

Did President Wilson forget those high moral sentiments expressed in his address when he promptly accepted the resignation of Mr. McNab in the now notorious Caminetti-Diggs case? Did he "summon honest men to counsel and sustain" him in his deliberations over that case? Does he forget that "men's hearts" and the hearts of mothers are now throbbing and waiting for the outcome of that shocking affair, and does he forget that not only the honor of high officials, but that of this great fair land also "hangs in the balance"?

Throughout the length and breadth of this wide country people are eagerly watching and waiting to see "who shall live up to the great trust."

MRS. J. B. CAMPBELL.
Brooklyn, June 28, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"A college education is worth \$25,000 in increased earning capacity," declares a Western university. It is, and it isn't. There are college men who could not earn this sum in twenty-five years; there are men earning twice as much in a year who never even walked by a college. It's a fine thing to have, but its earning capacity depends upon the practical use made of it, says the wise man in "Power."

The portly lady had accidentally taken a rear seat in a tramcar reserved for smokers. With unbecoming indignation she watched the man beside her fill his pipe.
"Sir," finally came her frigid tones, "smoking always makes me feel sick."
"Do it now, ma'am," said the man, as he carefully lit up. "Then take my advice and 'chuck it'—Tut-Bits."

A SEASONABLE INQUIRY.
What man can regard without loathing the garments in which he must dress? Pray is, then, the purpose of clothing? To add to our heat and distress?

We envy the maids and the madams. Who soon will be dressing in leaves? Why can't we be midsummer Adams? To match all these midsummer Eves? GEORGE B. MOREWOOD.

"Grandfather, you still belong to the Old Fellers' Association, don't you?"
"Yes, but I'm not a member in good standing now, Bobby."
"What's the reason?"
"I was making a little talk at a supper we had the other night, and I happened to say 'Dona, I thought circuses were a good deal better now than they were when I was a boy.'—Chicago Tribune.